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once, she was his wife always, and nothing ever induced her for one moment to swerve from her high fidelity.

After the death of François d'Avalos she wrote a series of poems commemorative of his heroic deeds. These fell into the hands of Michael Angelo, and made such an impression upon him that he wrote a letter to the author, full of sympathy for her grief and of admiration for her poems. She replied in glowing terms of admiration for his genius in Art. This was the beginning of their mutual acquaintance, and of his love. The correspondence continued, but Vittoria constantly refused to allow him to visit her, and it was not until ten years later that she consented to receive his homage in person.

She had come to Rome and was stopping with her sister-in-law, Jeanne d'Arragon. The follies of youth, as well as its radiant horizon, were over for both, if for the one they had ever existed. But in this love, born so late in life, the great artist hoped for a joy and a companionship which would enrich and gladden the downward way. He was not a lovable man in the common sense of loveliness. He was awkward and cold in the presence of women, and his tongue was not clever to express the great depth and tenderness of his soul. His face had never recovered from the disfigurement produced by the blow given by Torrigiano. But love, beautifying ugliness, and throwing charms over a thousand defects, wrought no miracles for Michael Angelo. His heroine was too fine and high, too closely wedded to an absent but ever present friend, to be seduced by his worship.

Despairing at length of winning her for his wife, he resolved to be philosophic and adore her from afar. But at times the old love and old ardor of his passion would leap up like rebellion in his heart, and break down his strength. One day, when his agony of soul seemed to have reached a climax no longer supportable, he fell on his knees, and, like the Psalmist, cried out, "I cry to Thee, O my God! it is Thee alone whom I invoke against my blind and vain passion." It was then he wrote, "Was there ever such a fate—to give love, worship, devotion, and fidelity for the disdains of grief and a continual death!"

"St. Peter," "Moses," and "The Last Judgment," show Michael Angelo's genius, but the sonnets he wrote to Vittoria Colonna alone reveal his heart. A writer of that epoch describes her as being one of the most illustrious women of Italy and Europe, chaste, beautiful, *spirituelle*, and learned.

One day after she had come to Rome to live she consented to pay the artist a visit, in the little house he had built at the foot of Mount Cavallo. It was a red-letter day for Michael Angelo, and no divinity descended from heaven could have been received with greater distinction. After that visit a friendly degree of intimacy was established. Their conversation was never allowed to rest upon any topic less sublime than religious art and the high benevolences of life.

It was at this time that the artist made for and submitted to Vittoria the designs for his "Christ on the Cross," "The Dead Christ on the Knees of his Mother," and "Jesus at the Well of the Samaritan Woman." He sent them to her with a sonnet, in which he spoke of "her immense goodness," his too "feeble talent," and his despair that his "fragile and perishable work would never equal the divine grace that shad around her."

It was quite natural that he should wish to paint her portrait, to make her statue, to league to posterity the beauty of the woman he worshipped. Nothing could be more touching than the sonnet he addressed to her, in which he pleaded for this privilege—"so that, in a thousand years after our departure from this world, one may see how beautiful thou wert, how much I loved thee, and that I was not mad in loving thee." How Vittoria Colonna ever resisted such an appeal is difficult to understand. But she did, nevertheless, and devoted herself to the asylum she had founded for young girls. Her health was always delicate, and she died at the age of fifty-seven.

During her short illness Michael Angelo never left the house where she lay dying. He was kneeling at her bedside when the supreme moment came—supreme for both, for she had ceased to live, and he, for the first time during a devotion of more than twenty years, dared press his lips to the brow of the woman he idolized. All the love of his life surged about his heart in uncontrollable grief, and, winding his arms about the lifeless body, he showered kisses upon her brow, her eyes, her hair, her hands, and, with a great heart-bursting sob, went out of the room.

Years later, when the memory of Vittoria Colonna had become a soft and subdued *souvenir*, Michael Angelo was asked why he had never married. The question was idly put and appropriately answered: "I have had one wife too many," he replied, "a wife who has always persecuted me: it is my art, and my works are my children." His grand but sad life finished at eighty-eight years, when he passed, let us hope, to a land where love has no contradictions, and where his great heart at last found richest satisfaction.

MARY W.

## THE LOMBARD SCHOOL.

SIGHTSEEING in Italy is mostly confined to the visits of churches and museums where the works of the various Italian schools may be studied as in no other places. The Gallery at Milan offers an opportunity to find the best works of the Lombard School which centres there.

First and foremost of the men prominent in this school was Daniele Crespi, who was, as Lanzi writes, "one among those distinguished Italians, who are hardly ever known beyond their native place." He was born at Milan in 1590, and died of the plague, together with all his family, when the city was desolated by that scourge in 1630. "He possessed," continued his biographer, "rare genius, and instructed by Cerano"—the name given to Giovanni Battista Crespi, his father, a man skilled in the sciences, as well as in sculpture, architecture, and painting—"and afterwards by the best of the Procaccini, he undoubtedly surpassed the first, and, in the opinion of many, likewise the second, though he did not live to reach the age of forty. He had great penetration in learning, and equal facility in executing, selecting the best part of every master; he studied, and knowing how to reject the worst." In a note which appears in Roscoe's translation of Lanzi, it is stated that "Daniele Crespi's master, according to tradition, was the Cav. Vermiglio; and his style demonstrates it; and as regards the best of the Procaccini; cited by Lanzi as another instructor, there is a reason to conclude that Crespi was rather a rival than a pupil of the latter." He practiced the maxims of the School of the Carracci, and was a fine colorist, as may be seen in existing works. His most celebrated paintings are—"The Descent from the Cross," painted for the church of Sta. Maria della Passione; and a series of frescoes, illustrating the life of St. Bruno, in the Certosa, an ancient monastery. The Brera Gallery, in Milan, contains several of his works; notably, "Christ on his way to the Calvary"—a composition of numerous figures, in which the expression of the Saviour and the sympathy of his female followers are finely contrasted with the ferocious Roman soldiers who convey our Lord to the place of crucifixion. Another picture is "The Stoning of St. Stephen," which is also crowded with figures; here, too, the look of majestic submission in the face of the martyr contrasts powerfully with the violence and anger depicted in the attitude and expression of his murderers. A third example, and in some respects one more worthy of remark than either of the others, is "The Entombment." There is a dignity of feeling throughout this composition which is most impressive. Reverentially do Joseph of Arimathea and one of the disciples, St. Peter it may be presumed to represent, handle the body of the dead Saviour, and gently they prepare to lay it in the tomb. Behind St. Peter is another disciple, possibly intended for St. John, though looking somewhat too old for him, as he is generally represented. To the right is the Virgin mother, whose face and attitude are significant of deep anguish; she is accompanied by Mary Magdalene; and on the other side of the tomb is another female, who may be Mary, the wife of Cleophas. The solemnity of the scene is heightened by the barren rocks in the background and by the gloom of the evening twilight; though, to give brilliancy to the picture a strong sunset light is cast on the body of Jesus, its rays at the same time catching the faces of some of the mourning friends and disciples. The arrangement of the *chiaroscuro* is very powerful and effective.

Pier Francesco Mazzuchelli is another artist whose works are represented at Milan. He is generally known by the name of Il Mazzarone, or Moranzone, which he acquired from the place of his birth, Mazzarone, a small town in the Milanese territory. He was born in 1571, and died in 1626. I am not aware that any easel pictures by this artist are in existence. Lanzi says that Mazzuchelli, after practising in his native place, "directed his attention to the Milanese School, in which he taught, and succeeded beyond all example in improving his own style. He resided in Rome during the early part of his life, where he painted some frescoes for churches. Afterwards he went to Venice, and there studied the works of Paul Veronese, Titian, and other great masters of the Venetian School, whereby he improved so much as a colorist that a picture, "The Adoration of the Magi," which he subsequently painted for the church of San Antonio Abate, in Milan, appears so much superior to the same subject painted in Rome for the church of San Silvestro, in Capite, that they seemed to be the works of different hands." In 1626, Mazzuchelli was invited to Piacenza to paint the frescoes in the dome of the cathedral; but he only commenced the work, dying there in the same year. The paintings were carried on and completed by Guercino; they are considered among the finest works of the kind which the latter artist produced. Mazzuchelli was much patronized by Frederic Borromeo, Archbishop of Milan, and by the Duke of Savoy, who knighted him.

One of the comparatively early painters of the Milanese School was

Marco d'Oggione, or Uzzione, as he sometimes is called; he was a scholar of Leonardo da Vinci: the assumed date of his birth is 1470; that of his death, 1530. The gallery of the Brera contains several of his works; notably one which represents the Virgin and Infant Jesus, St. Paul, St. John the Baptist, and an angel playing on a violin. The work is a good specimen of a rare master: the heads are very expressive, especially that of the Virgin, which is beautiful, and painted with great tenderness. "St. Michael's Combat with Lucifer," in the presence of two other archangels, is another excellent work of this artist: Kugler speaks of it as "possessing a beautiful, calm dignity, in which the drawing of the figures and bland expression of the countenances well deserve attention." Another of Oggione's pictures bears the title of "Madonna del Lago"—it may be presumed from the group being seated near some water. The management of the composition and its character throughout, are more suggestive of Raffaele than of Da Vinci; but though the face of the Madonna is far from common-place, it lacks both the dignity and sweetness which are rarely absent from the faces of the Virgin painted by Raffaele. The drawing and attitudes of the two children are not faultless; yet the feeling and sentiment of the composition fully atone for any lack of grace and technical excellence apparent in it.

Oggione's copy of Leonardo da Vinci's famous painting of "The Last Supper," is the property of the Royal Academy in London. Mr. Wornum, in his "Epochs of Painting," makes the history of this replica the subject of some lengthened remarks, from which we ascertain that Oggione made two large copies; both, it is said, from a small copy by himself for the purpose. One of these copies—that in the Royal Academy, which was purchased on the Continent by Sir Thomas Lawrence—is in oil-colors, and was executed about 1516, for the convent of Certosa di Pavia, thirteen years after Da Vinci had painted the original; and, consequently, the latter was as fresh as when the artist left it completed in the refectory of the Dominican convent of the Madonna delle Grazie, for which community he undertook the task. The other copy was executed, in fresco, for the refectory of the convent di Castellazzo; about a quarter of a century ago an attempt was made to transfer it to canvas; but during the process it sustained such injury as almost to destroy it, while the original, as may be seen from photographs taken of it, is comparatively worthless now. Lanzi, writing towards the close of the last century, says that nothing of the original work remained except the heads of the three Apostles, and these were very indistinct. The value of the copy now in the possession of the Royal Academy cannot, therefore, be over-estimated, even though the picture is well known through the fine engravings of it by Morghen, of which Dr. Wiener of this city has a plate. Another copy made by Andrea Branchi, by order of Cardinal Borromeo, in 1612, nearly 100 years later than that by Oggione, is in the Ambrosian Library, Milan. It shows several variations from the latter's, consequent, in all probability, on the decay which had already affected the original.

The history of this great picture—second to none of the noblest *chef-d'œuvre* of the art of painting—is thus sketched by Kugler: "The determination of Leonardo to execute the work in oil colors instead of fresco, in order to have the power of finishing the minutest details in so great an undertaking, appears to have been unfortunate. The convent, and probably the wall on which the picture is painted, were badly constructed, and the situation of the wall between the kitchen and the refectory was far from favorable. An inundation, too, happened in Milan in 1500, owing to which the refectory remained for a time partly under water; and the bad masonry of the hall, already predisposed to damp, was completely ruined. From these and other circumstances the colors had entirely faded as early as the middle of the sixteenth century. In 1652 a door was broken open under the figure of the Saviour, which destroyed the feet. Under a false pretext of giving it a coat of varnish, the picture was entirely painted over, in 1726, by an unfortunate bungler named Belotti. In 1770 it was retouched a second time by a certain Mazza, from whose miserable work three heads only were saved. In 1796, when Napoleon led the French over the Alps, he gave express orders that the room should be respected. Succeeding generals disregarded these orders; the refectory was turned into a stable, and afterwards into a magazine for hay, etc. Now, when the ruins of the picture only exist, a custodian has been appointed, and a scaffolding erected to admit of closer examination—not of Leonardo's work, for almost all trace of it has disappeared, but of its sad vicissitudes and of the outrages which have been committed upon it." England may well congratulate herself upon the possession of Oggione's magnificent copy.

The cartoons which Leonardo sketched of the single heads, before he executed them in the large size, are of the greatest interest. They are drawn in black chalk, and slightly colored: the head of Christ is in the Brera at Milan; ten heads of the apostles, some of them of great beauty, are in the Royal Print Cabinet of Holland at The Hague; three others are in private collections in England. Several

slight sketches are in the Academy of Venice; and an original drawing, a study for the whole composition, is in the national collection of drawings in Paris.

A modern French critic, alluding to the Brera collection, says: "Let us stop before another picture, mysterious and disputed, assigned by some to Raffaele, and by others, with greater probability, perhaps, to Marco d'Oggione, or to Luini." This is the "Holy Family." Whether Raffaele actually painted it may, with some reason, be doubted; but that it is his composition is unquestionable, for it is a copy, or *replica*, of his famous picture known as "Il Reposo," now in the Belvedere Gallery, Vienna. The figures of the Virgin and her Infant are stiff in design, but the face of the latter is beautiful, and the head of Joseph is very fine.

J. D.

## AN OLD CHURCH IN FLORENCE.

IT is no doubt the fate of some buildings to sink into oblivion in their old age, yet we never pass the Badia, or Abbey Church, of Florence, without a pang that it should be so utterly forgotten. The people push and jostle along on their various errands, and give no heed to the unpretending edifice which was so important in its day; and even the tourists who pay their visits to the Bargello opposite forget the church on the other side of the way. Perhaps it is because they do not see in the windows of the shops any photographs of the beautiful monuments which the Badia holds so jealously in her keeping; perhaps because the façade is so unobtrusive that they class the church among those of minor importance, of which Florence is so full.

Bethat as it may, the Badia is worth remembering and recalling to the public mind, if only for the exquisite Renaissance work upon her monuments. The prior and the vicario, who still live within the precincts, have hitherto made the conditions of photographing these noble tombs so stringent that until only a few years ago it was impossible to obtain any picture of them. But a distinguished and enterprising photographer accepted these conditions, much to the amazement of the vicario, and before he could recover from his astonishment the necessary arrangements had been made, the negatives secured, and the pictures given to the public.

The Badia was the first of the seven religious houses, in expiation of the seven deadly sins, which Ugo of Brandenburg was so long supposed to have founded, and the legend runs thus: Ugo was hunting one day in Germany, when he lost his way in a forest, and had a vision of demons tormenting human souls, who threatened him with the like punishment if he did not amend his evil ways. On his return to Florence he sold his estates in Germany and devoted the money to the foundation of the seven religious houses. His death and piety are commemorated on St. Thomas's Day, the 21st of December, when it used to be the custom, until quite a late period, for a young Florentine noble to make a speech in his praise during the celebration of mass. Dante makes an allusion to this custom in his "Paradiso," when he says:

"Each one, that bears the beautiful escutcheon  
Of the great Baron, whose renown and name  
The festival of Thomas keepeth fresh."

LONGFELLOW'S TRANSLATION.

Notwithstanding the legend and the old custom, Countess Willa, the mother of Ugo, is believed by learned antiquarians to have been really the foundress of the Badia. She bestowed several towns, houses, and lands on the abbey, which she presented to the Black Benedictines. The ceremony of installation must have been a curious one, if the descriptions of the time are correct. First, Willa offered a knife to the abbot, as a sign that he could curtail and dispose of the property as he might judge best; then she presented him with the pastoral staff of authority; next a branch of a tree was handed to him, to indicate that he was lord of the soil; fourthly, she gave him a glove, the usual symbol of investiture, and, lastly, she was chased from the building, in token of her having no further right there. Her son Ugo still further enriched the abbey by grants of the Castello di Vico, with two hundred houses, and the town of Bibiena, in the Casentino, where the famous Cardinal Bibiena was born somewhere in the fourteenth century. The abbey stood among gardens, and the Via della Vigna Vecchia, which bounds the southern side of the Bargello, marks the vineyard of the monastery. The first occupants were monks from the abbey of Cluny, in France, but it was afterwards given to the Benedictines of Monte Cassino.

(To be continued.)